

ART in WOMAN
SUPERIOR TO
REASON in MAN.

A
POEM.

Humbly inscribed to the BACHELORS.

By W—— G——



L O N D O N :

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A R T in W O M A N

S U P E R I O R T O

R E A S O N in M A N.

H A I L! sacred Pallas, Wisdom's Deity !
Sole Source of Reason, Guide of mental Day!
By Thee inspir'd, my Muse exulting sings,
And mounts triumphant on Ambition's Wings;
When godlike Reason first to Man was giv'n
(The greatest Blessing of indulgent Heav'n)
To conquer vicious Passions, 'twas design'd
Vice to correct, and cultivate the Mind;
The Soul from ev'ry hellish Snare to fence,
And root out Sin orig'nal's Consequence * :
Hence follows Virtue (Reason's constant Guide)
And blest Content subdues ambitious Pride ;

* Original Sin is but the Propensity to actual Sin.

Angelic

Angelic Thoughts, with human Form combine,
 A mortal Body with a Soul divine.
 Thus Man was first by the Almighty made,
 With Reason blest, and plac'd in Eden's Shade.
 But say, Almighty Wisdom, say whence flows
 Those peccant Passions, Reason's mortal Foes ?
 Say, why th' Almighty, with transcendant Skill,
 Made Reason subject to a Mortal's Will ?
 In these blest Groves where Adam first had Birth,
 (The sole Possessor of his Parent Earth)
 Did lawless Passions rear their guilty Head,
 And Reason groan beneath the pond'rous Load ?
 Was no Temptation there to sinful Pride,
 Before the Rib was ta'en from Adam's Side ?

† But stop, rash Muse, nor dare such Strains essay,
 The Task's too lofty for a mortal Lay ;
 Let sad Example turn the doubtful Scale,
 While Reason dictates the authentic Tale.

Damon, the loveliest of fair Albion's Youth,
 Whose Pride was Learning, whose Ambition Truth,
 Whose Thoughts to Virtue only were confin'd,
 While blest Content possess'd his generous Mind,
 His Soul abhorr'd each mercenary View,
 A Friend to Merit, to his Country true ;
 If lawless Passions fought with jarring Pride,
 Reason advanc'd, and stem'd the growing Tide ;

† Why the Supreme Being put it in the Power of Man's free Will, to forfeit his original Happiness, is a Dispute a great many able Pens have essay'd in vain to unravel ; therefore it would be too arrogant in me to pretend to give a satisfactory Answer.

Unerring

Unerring Wisdom, Energy of Sense,
 Express'd with all the Sweets of Eloquence,
 Adorn'd each Sentence, ev'ry Thought refin'd,
 While calm Philosophy compos'd the Mind;
 Truth's wholesome Precepts glow'd within his Breast,
 Carefs'd by Fortune and by Nature blest.
 With gentle Satire, kind, well-temper'd, smart,
 He touch'd the inmost Corners of the Heart.
 Ev'ry Malheur his Virtue could remove,
 For Reason said, Heav'n sent it from above,

Nor was his Taste to Plato's Rules confin'd,
 He courted Beauty when with Merit join'd.
 Strict Modesty in Woman he admir'd,
 No Fair-one knew him but his Love desir'd.

Yet, tho' he honour'd Hymen's sacred Rites,
 And wish'd to taste the Joys of nuptial Nights,
 Long he sought out a meritorious Dame ;
 At last one seem'd most worthy of his Flame.
 Pastora's Charms, and well compacted Art,
 Secure the Prize and captivate his Heart.
 Her sprightly Genius, with deep Cunning join'd,
 His Reason conquer'd, and subdued his Mind ;
 Her amorous Looks, and well-designed Sighs,
 Attract Observance from young Damon's Eyes ;
 In studious Thought she views each beauteous Grace,
 Till conscious Blushes overspread her Face ;
 Then he, impatient to relieve the Smart,
 And ease the seeming Anguish of her Heart,
 With Words pathetic, and Expressions kind,
 Unfolds the inmost Secrets of his Mind ;

Reason and Love, by Turns, invade his Breast,
Till Reason Love's superior Pow'r confest.

Say, Wisdom's Goddess, why tyrannic Love,
Almighty Reason's Dictates can remove ;
Say why exterior Beauty, join'd with Art,
Its Precepts conquer, and subdue the Heart ?
Why Woman (form'd so beauteous, gentle, kind)
To ease Man's troubled Soul by Heav'n design'd,
Should Virtue conquer, all its Rules trepan,
And blinding Reason, make a Brute of Man :
Answer, Oh Deity ! thy Thoughts impart,
And breath thy Influence thro' the inmost Heart.

But, ah ! the Pow'rs deny my humble Suit,
Nor deign to give an Answer,----but are mute,
Appearances to solve----Then cease, bold Muse ;
That Man's imperfect is the sole Excuse.

Thrice had bright Cynthia, Goddess of the Night,
Adorn'd the World with her accustom'd Light,
E'er love-sick Damon freely spoke his Mind,
Or she to sacred Wedlock seem'd inclin'd.
At length they take the consecrated Vow,
And jointly swear to be for ever true.
Her Cunning now does amply play its Part,
And he falls Victim to her matchless Art.
When Jealousy, the Bane of nuptial Bliss,
Gives strong Suspicion of a guilty Kiss,

Her

Her ready Wit (sharp Satire's keenest Dart)
 Remove the Poison from his cred'lous Heart ;
 And should his Reason dictate for a While,
 And boldly quarrel each unguarded Smile,
 Her artful Tears and deep returning Sighs
 Make him repent, and with her sympathize ;
 While she, his Thoughts suspicious to remove,
 Upbraids him with a Diffidence in Love,
 Boasts of her Virtue, blames his jealous Mind,
 And swears she's constant, tho' he is unkind ;
 Then seeming careless, in Contempt she sings,
 And to her Voice joins the harmonious Strings,
 Smart Repartees dress'd out in Musick's Charms,
 Regain his Love, and force him to her Arms ;
 Each jealous Thought precipitately flies,
 And thus her subtle Art secures the Prize.
 Reason in vain the whole Disguise detects,
 It says she's false, but Love the Thought rejects.

When narrow Fortune, by her Pride made less,
 Denies th' Extrav'gance of a costly Dress,
 Passion impetuous strikes with all its Force,
 Not Modesty can stop its rapid Course.
 And should Flavella, with domestic Pride,
 And affluent Fortune, in her Chariot ride,
 Pastora, fill'd with Envy, Pride, and Art,
 In silent Sorrow seems to break her Heart.
 Then he, in Pain desires to know her Grief,
 And sticks at nothing to afford Relief.
 Unhappy Man! her Dupe and abject Slave,
 To ease her Mind, he grants all she can crave :

Thus

Thus Art triumphant reigns without Controul,
And conquers Reason, Effence of the Soul !

Hear me, ye nuptial Pow'rs !
Oh! may the Nymph who captivates my Heart
Be blest with lasting Love, and void of Art,
May I the consecrated Vow fulfil,
And she be subject to my Reason's Will :
Grant, HYMEN, this may be my nuptial Fate,
Or keep me always in a single State.

F I N I S

